

176
LITERARY AMUSEMENTS,

IN

VERSE AND PROSE.

BY

MR. W E B B. *K*

NESCIO QUID MEDITANS NUGARUM, ET TOTUS IN ILLIS;

Hor. Sat. 9.

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M,DCC,LXXXVII.



TO
HIS EVER HONOURED
THE
COUNTESS OF ILCHESTER,
FROM THE AUTHOR.

What though Apollo might his aid refuse,
Though coy the Graces, and though cold the Muse,
Something there was that yet inspired my style,
I hoped, and found it in Maria's smile.

IMITA.

TO
MISS EVER HONORED

THE

COUNTRESS OF LITCHTER



FROM

What though Apollo's rays be dim

Though rays the Queen's and though cold the sun

Something there was that yet looked up my eye

I hoped, and found it in Milton's lines

ATMOSPHERE

I M I T A T I O N
OF THE
FOURTH SATIRE OF BOILEAU.

— — — — — O bone, ne te
Frustrere: insanis et tu—

WHENCE comes it, my Friend, that Mankind
are so prone
To condemn others' follies, and pardon their own?
Every Madman lies snug, and, though crackt through
and through,
Sends his Neighbour to Bedlam without more ado.

A Pedant, who worships the books on his shelves,
Declares it presumption to think for ourselves;

That a Burke, or a Fox, hardly knows how to speak,
 And good sense can alone be expressed in the Greek :
 Had the Authors he reads, or the Bards whom he quotes,
 Been content with collections of other men's thoughts,
 Old Homer had stood on a level with me,
 And the Stagyrte just such a blockhead as he.
 In the Greek ! cries my Lord—Do not Critics agree
 'Tis in Cypher, and send us to look for a Key ?
 Ah the Graces* !—these only our thoughts should employ,
 And all Arts be reduced to the *Je ne sçai quoi*.

A Senator, high in his Sovereign's grace,
 Rests the proof of his wit on the worth of his place ;
 Holds him wisest who best shall his fortune advance,
 And the first of all talents, a head for Finance :
 " For Finance—what is that ?"—'Tis the Logic of State,
 Which proves we must purchase the means to be great ;
 That, to make the machine with facility roll,
 A Part must dispose of the wealth of the Whole ;
 Calls in question our right to what Nature has given,
 And corrects all mistakes in the justice of Heaven.

* See Note I. at the end.

Let the Nations bow down to a Senate or King,
 With respect for the Name, and distaste of the Thing;
 It matters not much how we vary our plan,
 One, many, or few—still the agent is Man;
 Feeble Systems establish the ills they would shun*;
 Ev'ry Mode comes at last to be the echo of one—
The Rulers are mad, and the People undone.

“ Happy Hand, that first culled bitter Leaves in the
 “ East!

“ Happier That, which bestowed its rich Cane on the
 “ West†!”

Thus the Statesman declaims—“ it is well understood

“ That to multiply wants is a national good ;

“ Mark the progress of things—Traffic, taxes, a fleet,

“ Stretch your arms round the globe, till your Colonies

“ meet,

* If forms of proceeding, written Statutes, or other constituents
 of Law, cease to be enforced by the Spirit from which they arose,
 they serve only to cover, not to restrain, the iniquities of power.—

HUME.

† The Sugar Cane was not a Native of the New World ; it was
 brought from the East into Europe, and thence transplanted into the
 West.

“ Let your flag in its pride to th’ Antipodes roam,
“ Send your thunders abroad”—and stop payment at
home.

Such the triumphs of wealth ! a commercial controul
Founds a greatness of state on a meanness of soul* ;
Confides in a splendor, which, fatally bright,
Expires with the substance that gives it its light.

Not such were thy principles, Sparta ! whose pride
Was, by Virtue, no less than in arms, to preside ;
Read, ye Rulers, and blush, when on record ye find
That the poorest were also the first of mankind.

A Bigot, accustomed himself to revere,
Thinks to dupe ev’n his God by the fervor of prayer,
And, in fullness of power derived from his zeal,
Dooms the rest of mankind without mercy to Hell.

* There seem to be but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth. The first is, by war, as the Romans did in plundering their conquered neighbours : this is *Robbery*—The second by commerce, which is generally *Cheating*—The third by agriculture, the only *honest Way*.—FRANCKLIN—a Philosopher, who has spoken some other truths, which we had better have listened to.

What

What a madness ! exclaims the Philosopher, he
 Who conceives by believing, we cease to be free :
 Who affirms that the soul and the body are one ;
 Which existing together, together are gone ;
 And, doubting of all things, is certain alone
 Of that which of all things the least can be known.

To fall short of the truth is a weakness of mind,
 Wisdom seizes, but Folly still leaves it behind.

Is He sane, who, to render his objects more clear,
 Throws aside all that makes them to be what they
 are ;

Of Abstractions thus form'd, starts a problem to view,
 Which admits of no answer, yet cannot be true ;
 Denies Matter can act upon Spirit, and hence
 Proves Existence a manifest fraud on the sense ;
 Holds that nothing is real that's under the Sun,
 And asserts a first cause, although nothing be done ?
 Wit and folly thus spring from one texture of brain ;
 How ingenious the proofs, the conclusion how vain !
 Such is Man ; thus divided, he shuffles along,
 In the means, or the end, ever doomed to be wrong :

“ T.

"To be perfect in both were divine"—By this rule,
Man is just in his station—half wit and half fool.

Newton, Leibnitz, Descartes—pass we judgment on
these?

Shut up two; with the third, you may do what you please;
You will leave him at large, while you think him the best,
Till a fourth comes and proves him as weak as the rest:
"This is bold"—Be it so, yet you still must allow
That Democritus was, what Sir Isaac is now.

"Our Historians may pass without censure—You
smile"—

We expect information; their object's a style:

'Tis not History, no, 'tis an eloquent Page*,
Little matter, high dress—a true type of the age.

"Yet attractions they have"—or they would not be read;
Some with nature are pleased, more delight in parade:

* Ils étalent tant de pomp, d'ornemens, et d'appareil de langage: tant de belles descriptions, tant de considérations d'état, et de raisonnemens—que le plus souvent on n'y peut apprendre autre chose pour l'histoire, que la manière avec laquelle on la peut eloquemment d'écrire.—MEZERAY, Of the Italian Historians.

"Those

"Those periods"—composed with a technical grace;

"What a brilliancy"—often much out of its place.

Come, Hooker, with thee let me dwell on a phrase

Uncorrupted by wit, unambitious of praise;

Thy Language is chaste, without aims, or pretence,

'Tis a sweetness of breath from a soundness of sense.

Shall I pass by the man, who can wholly forget

Every Thought of his own in the national debt:

Who with heart disengaged, and an undisturbed head,

Sees his wife without shoes, and his brats without bread;

"I told you, my Dear, that the nation must fall,

"And the family compact would ruin us all."

The Robber shall die; Heaven frowns on the knave;

Not on him whom it pleases the Commons to save:

He robs like a king, who a nation takes in,

And the Thief disappears in the excess of the sin.

"Since our parts in this life are so cast, so perplexed,

"It is well we have rules how to live for the next."

* See Note II. at the end.

There's

There's a text, it is true, and that text is from God;
 But we live by the comment, and not by the code;
 Our particular aims give the doctrine its tone;
 Each man has a Bible and Creed of his own;
 Believes, disbelieves, as the motives draw near,
 Takes the one up thro' Vice, and the other thro' Fear:
 Deist, orthodox, sceptic, the turbulent elf
 Is at war with all nature, his God, and himself.

In a word, 'twere no less than the labour of years
 To describe every shape in which madness appears:
 * As soon might I count the men, women, and maids,
 In a season whom Graham has sent to the shades;
 † Of his pupils how many Tenducci has brought
 To perform in a way one would never have thought.

A Zealot, 'tis said, with a soul all on fire,
 Conceived himself one of the heavenly choir;
 In the symphony joined with extatic delight,
 Or sang hallelujahs from morning to night;

* Quot Themison ægros Autumno occiderit unus.

† — Quot Discipulos inclinet Hamillus.

Monro was called in, and, howe'er it fell out,
 By art, or by accident, brought him about :
 His service acknowledged, the Patient quite free,
 The Doctor of course held his hand for the fee—
 “ A fee, Sir !—No, no—Have I cause to rejoice ?
 “ Alas ! I have now neither fiddle nor voice.”

But enough—in this place, I my Author must quit;
 Convinced that I want both his patience and wit :
 I leave him to press, as he does very hard,
 On the Miser, the Prodigal, Gamester, and Bard,
 On the Poet ! I wonder he touched on that string,
 A Rhyme, good or bad, is so pleasant a thing ;
 With exception for this, I agree from my soul,
 And am ready with him to conclude on the whole,
 That Mankind are all mad, and with all their address,
 Are distinguished alone by the more or the less.

NOTES.

N O T E S.

NOTE I.

Ah the Graces! —

IT was the Passion of a late Noble Author, to introduce into this Country a Refinement of Manners. Had he substituted Elegance, it had been a better proof of his Taste; and more acceptable to the Graces, the Saints of his Idolatry.

The Manners are simple, in the strictest sense, when they spring from the impulse of Passion, or Self-love, without regard to the consequence or import: Such are the Manners of Achilles and Agamemnon in the opening of the Iliad. This degree of Simplicity will be better distinguished, if we call it—Rudeness.

In a state of Rudeness, Men live for themselves: In a state of Refinement, they affect to live for others.

As a total inattention to the feelings of others is offensive; the absolute sacrifice of our own is unnatural;

natural; and therefore cannot be pleasing; since it must appear to be, what it really is, the triumph of Vanity, or of Art, over simpler Manners.

The Medium between these extremes, is that Elegance of conduct, by which we render our social qualities most pleasing, our selfish, least offensive. All beyond this is Refinement; betrays a design; and counter-aets the first principle of the Noble Author, Self-interest.

His Doctrine on the Subject of Politeness would divide Mankind into Knaves and Dupes: they had better continue as they are—Have nothing to do with it, like the English; or reduce it into innocent forms, like the French.

NOTE

NOTE II.

*Thy Language is chaste, without aims or pretence !
 'Tis a sweetness of breath from a soundness of sense.*

AS—“ They saw, that to live by one Man’s
 “ will, became the cause of all Men’s mi-
 “ fery !”

Again—

“ The general and perpetual Voice of Men is,
 “ as the Sentence of God himself. For that which
 “ all men have at all times learned, Nature herself
 “ must needs have taught. And God being the
 “ Author of Nature, her Voice is but his instru-
 “ ment.”

He rises in Beauty, but never steps out of Nature.
 “ Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than
 “ that her seat is the bosom of God ; her Voice the
 “ harmony of the world : All things in Heaven and
 “ Earth do her homage ; the very least as feeling
 “ her care, and the greatest as not exempted from
 “ her power : both Angels, and Men, and Crea-

“tures of what condition soever, though each in
 “different sort and manner, yet all with uniform
 “consent, admiring her as the Mother of their
 “peace and joy.”—HOOKER Eccl. Pol.

In these Passages the Diction is distinguished by
 a gradual Rise from absolute simplicity to consum-
 mate elegance.

The simplicity is absolute, when the Language
 is merely what the thought makes it.

Elegance implies a Choice; but the choice must
 seem to spring from the impression of the Idea. By
 this it is distinguished from Refinement, which is—
 A studied Advantage in the Manner, independent
 on an adequate motive in the Thought.

A superior Genius may trust to the influence of
 his feelings: the beauty, of whatever kind it may
 be, will pass into the Language. Hence the
 effusions of Genius become the Laws of Com-
 position.

They who cultivate elegance with no other aim
 than to do justice to the idea, will be deservedly ad-
 mired: but when, from observing the pleasure this
 gives, they become too studious to please, they are

B

apt

apt at times to fall into refinement. That which is but a Lapse in Men of Parts, rises into Design with those who have none. From a contempt of Simplicity in the expression, may be traced the several excesses of refinement; and the prevalence of ill-taste in many branches of Composition.

FURTHER

FURTHER THOUGHTS
ON
MANNERS AND LANGUAGE.

FROM good sense, and a native benevolence of heart, springs a Consciousness of what is due to ourselves, and others. This becomes, as Society improves, the just and only Standard of propriety and elegance in the Manners. But, as much the greater number of men are under no such direction, Elegance with them, is for the most part artificial; and as such must be subject to fluctuation and excess. Here we find it necessary to distinguish between true elegance, which is Taste, and has its origin in Feeling; and the Artificial, which is Fashion,

and founded on Imitation. It is of the latter we speak, in deciding on national Manners; and which is generally understood by the word Politeness.

If we consult the history of Manners, we shall find that they are in a constant progression from Rudeness towards Elegance; from Elegance towards Refinement.

The state of Manners in every Age and Nation is to be collected chiefly from their Dramatic Writings. This leads to consider what state of Manners is most favourable to the dramatic Character.

The finest pathetic feelings spring from a conflict between the simple Dictates of Nature, and the restraints arising from a respect for the laws of Propriety and Decorum. Now, it should seem, that this Conflict must be at the highest, when the Manners emerging out of Rudeness are in their progress towards Elegance; for, Rudeness being under no restraints, the Passions must come to an immediate decision; and the finer gradations of the Pathos are lost in the Violence of the Character. On the other hand, Elegance,
taking

taking place as a rule of Conduct, has a constant tendency to Refinement: And as the Aim of refinement, is, to suppress, or disguise the emotions of passion, it must necessarily introduce an uniformity of Manners: Hence it is evident, that an age of politeness cannot abound in dramatic Manners. These observations are established by experience: Thus, Aristotle tells us, that the early dramatic writers were, in the manners, greatly superior to the Writers of his time, which was an age of Politeness. This will be confirmed, I believe, on a comparison of the age of Shakespear and Fletcher with the politer ages which have succeeded.

Manners are the constituents of Character; the modes by which we express our ideas and sentiments are, as well as the sentiments themselves, indications of the Manners.

Simple Manners employ a congenial Language. The bold Metaphor, or figurative speech of the savage, is no exception; it is his idiom; the natural consequence of the poverty of his Tongue, and the Vivacity

of his Feelings: with him, Description supplies the want of appropriated signs; Metaphors are short descriptions: We may observe a great deal of this in the efforts of Children to express their conceptions. What a number of our words in common use are the wildest metaphors, tamed into signs of the most familiar ideas*.

There is a great difference of opinions concerning the fitness of figurative language in the expression of passion: this depends much on the nature of the Passion. It should seem, in general, that Men acting under forcible impressions of any kind, have not time for preference. In this, the Conduct of the Greek Drama is admirable: the Poet seldom appears in the Dialogue; but, like a fire kept down, bursts out in the Chorus. What then shall we do, who have no Chorus? Write like Shakespear, and laugh at the Critics.

* For my Notions of figurative Language, which would naturally find their place here, and, without which, this little Essay must appear to disadvantage, I take the liberty to refer the Reader to my—Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry.

Simple

Simple Language unites happily with an Elegance of Manners; the reason has been given—Elegance is nothing more than a cultivated Simplicity. But the union of refinements in the expression with simple Manners is intolerable, because the Manners are of one age, the Diction of another. The proofs of this are too frequent in dramatic Actions borrowed from ancient story; as in those which have taken place in the early stages of our own.

It might be expected, that Romantic and fantastical Manners should delight in language that had a tincture of their own extravagance: but it is not so; the simple Diction of the Orlando of Ariosto is a striking proof of the contrary: the reason is this—there being no standard in Nature for such Manners, they can have no Language of their own: that therefore suits them best, which comes the nearest to Nature; it gives them what they most want, some resemblance of Truth.

This last observation leads me to examine, whence it is, that Simplicity should

be the favourite language of Humour. Many reasons occur—it heightens Pleasantry by an exterior of Gravity; it renders Irony exquisite by an Air of Sincerity; and lends to Fiction the impressions of Truth.

There are moments in which Gulliver is to me a faithful Historian.

Addison's delight was in his *curiosa felicitas*; except where the Genius of Humour taught him to forget his Cares in an artless Elegance, and undesigning Simplicity. Could it be expected that this should bring him under the censure of a Master Critic? But, *to descend to the language of conversation*, was to Johnson a species de leze Majesté.

Simplicity is not merely the proper language of Humour, it sometimes becomes its principal Constituent: this was better understood by Swift than by any other Writer in his Walk. In his Genealogy of Faction, whom he makes to be the youngest Daughter of Liberty, he speaks thus—"As
 " it is often the nature of Parents to grow
 " most fond of their youngest and disagree-
 " ablest Children, so it happened with Li-
 " berty,

" berty, who doated on this Daughter to
 " such a degree, that by her good will she
 " would never suffer the Girl to be out of
 " her sight. As * Miss Faction grew up,
 " she became so termagant and froward,
 " that there was no enduring her any longer
 " in Heaven. Jupiter gave her warning to
 " be gone†." The simplicity in this pas-
 sage creates the pleasantry: but there is a
 degree of exaggeration in it, not common
 with Swift, and which seems to point to
 something more than the subject professes;
 it strikes me as a pleasant ridicule of the
 formal and elaborate genealogies, just at that
 time introduced by Addison. I am the
 more ready, perhaps, to give into this con-
 jecture, as his allegories and genealogies are
 the parts of Addison's writings which please
 me the least. As to his Dreams and Vi-
 sions, in which he most delights, they are, at
 the best, but ingenious embarrassments, in-

* Addison, in his Description of Humour, calls it, this *Young Gentleman*.

† Whig Examiner.

volving * common-place truths in fine-spun mysteries; whilst the Reader sits down to the humble office of reducing these conceits to their insignificant origin.

Simplicity is so essential to Humour, that it forms the principal distinction between Humour and Wit: thus, if the pleasantry should spring from a surprise, or happiness in the turn of the expression, it is not Humour; it is Wit.

The points of difference between these two exertions of the fancy, are readily felt, but with difficulty explained: they are objects of taste. We have much the same difficulty in explaining the nature of the difference between *bitter* and *sweet*.

As my subject confines me to the consideration of humour and wit so far only as they affect, or are affected by, the language; it reduces the notice I am to take of them within a narrow compass. Wit is, in many instances, a mixt address to the understanding and the fancy: when it flutters, as often

* See the First in the Collection. Spect. No. 3.

happens,

happens, between the language and the thought, it strikes at intervals; and, according to the degrees of our apprehension, is conceived by parts; but Humour being a simple impression, and wholly in the thought, takes place at once, and in the entire, or not at all.

Hence it follows, that Wit may be, in part, explained; Humour, not: this proves that Humour is more an object of taste; unless the Wit should be genuine, and entirely in the thought.

This observation points to the following consequences—Humour, by its attachment to simplicity, tends to preserve the purity of language. Wit, on the contrary, from the habit of playing as well with words, as with thoughts, has a manifest tendency to corrupt it.

In the investigation of Wit, and of Humour, the Philosopher loses himself in the refinements of Analysis; he lays his Prism to the sun-beam; but the colours escape.

Addison takes a shorter course; and gets rid of the difficulty, by throwing it into Allegory;

Allegory; *after the manner*, as he tells us, of Plato*; it may be so: but the little satisfaction I receive from either of these methods, convinces me, that the simplest way, and the easiest, is, at the same time, the best. Let us look only to that which presides in the nature of the thing before us: in matters of taste, the essentials of the objects are in their immediate impressions. My subject recalls me to points of easier management, and more within our reach.

When treating of the sublime or the beautiful, we distinguish between a beauty in the Thought, and that which is said to be in the Expression: We have not, in general, a clear

* For example—

Falshood was the Mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a Son called Frenzy, who married one of the Daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begat that monstrous Infant, False Humour.—Spect. No. 35, Vol. I.

By what Law of Nature, Falshood should beget Nonsense: Nonsense, Frenzy: or Frenzy, False Humour, I do not know: but of this I am certain, that, by a privilege to dispose of the most difficult subjects *after this manner*, one might beget a reputation for Wisdom with very little effort.

—idea

idea of the distinction; this appears evidently in that known, but narrow description, which makes Wit, *in its enlarged sense*, to consist in—

Things often thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

Improvements of the expression will be found, in every remarkable instance, to be an improvement on the Thought: the thing is better expressed, because better conceived. This brings the subject to its true point—a reciprocal happiness in the thought and expression—If this is not Wit, it is something better.

All that falls short of excellence in Language, lies in the degrees of the Polish; and depends much on the reigning taste of the times, or fancy of the Reader. Consummate beauty fills the conception, supercedes opinion; and makes comparison nugatory.

When a Translator or Imitator, taking advantage of the under-parts in his Original, rises upon him in the Diction, he is not to be considered as entering the Lists with his principal; but as a minor Genius contend-
ing

ing with one of his own Class: it is no unusual policy with these, to be most awake, when their Original nods.

The modernizers of our early Poets have not much to boast of. Improvements on the Childhood of language are the triumphs of Time; the advantage is in the medium, not in the execution. Discoveries in Astronomy, by the perfecting of the Glass, are no proofs of genius in the observer, unless, like Newton, he enlarges Hints into Systems; and finds in other worlds the copies of our own. Let the Improver on Chaucer out-wing him in flights of invention: all the rest is but peeping through the Telescope.

On the choice of words depend the energy and beauty of the Diction: the finest feelings will ever make the happiest choice. To what purpose, then, is a formal distinction made between the Expression and the Thought? To establish a fallacy; to suggest, that there may be substitutes to Genius, and equivalents to Invention; to make tricks pass for graces, and fopperies for elegance.

Far

Far be it from me to include such a writer as Pope in the *latter part* of this censure. If he was, what Scaliger said of Erasmus, *ex alieno ingenio Poeta*, he is yet greatly distinguished from the ordinary Spirits of this Class, by a talent for improving on the *thought* he borrows; to a degree of beauty, indeed, that at times creates a doubt, whether it should not be considered as a mode of Invention.

It has been observed, that, in perfect Simplicity, the Language is merely what the Thought makes it. That, Elegance implies a Choice; but such, as that the thought and the expression shall appear to be *congenial*. From these two principles results a third—That the sound shall be in a just proportion to the sense.

Though this Principle is seldom noticed, except in the gross abuse of it, it is yet perpetually operative; takes place more or less in every impression; and, according to its being observed or neglected, governs our Liking or Disliking, in the moment, in a greater degree than we are aware of. I

have been led to this last reflection, by observing, that I soon grow wearied with the reading of what is called Fine writing.

The encroachments of Affectation, in its several modes, mark the taste of the age in which they prevail: the present is distinguished by a passion for rounded periods, and a sounding elocution. Hence, that redundancy of epithets, by which the Diction is unnerved, the force of the principal idea being lost in the futility of its accessories. Hooker, Hobbs, and the best of our early Classics, had no conception of wasting Epithets on Substantives which could do without them.

Can it be, notwithstanding this œconomy of sounds, that we should prefer the Cadence in the passages borrowed from Hooker to the most elaborate modulation of our modern composers? Whence is this? That which is but melody, in the latter, is, in the former, Harmony; it springs from the sentiment; it is a part of the Diction—"They saw, "that to live by one Man's will, became "the cause of all Men's misery." That
Fall

Fall was happy: Music does not know an accord more exquisite.

But epithets, we are told, are the colouring of Language; in virtue, I presume, of their being *laid on*. Is not this to deal rather hardly by the Verb and Substantive? Be this as it may; colouring is still but a part of Painting, subordinate to correctness and Simplicity in the Drawing: in any case, Excess is not beauty: and the colours should be chaste which are to imitate Nature.—To return to our sounds—In a copious Language, and such ours certainly is, the Word is ill chosen that is not adequate to its idea; where it is, to repeat what it implies is the worst of expletives: yet these are the leading notes in our musical periods—“Every man, that has undertaken to instruct others, can tell what slow advances he has been able to make, and how much patience it requires to recall *vagrant* inattention, to stimulate *sluggish* indifference, and to rectify *absurd* misapprehension*.”

* Johnson's Life of Milton.

This *tripartite* Movement, considered merely as such, is one of the Tricks of composition : yet it is not ungraceful, when it grows with the subject, becomes an accord, and is supported by a responsive gradation in the idea.

Sometimes we are let down through a sequence of synonyms, dying away, in the sense, like the iterations of an echo, in the sound—"This practice saves them trouble
" in marshalling their words, and arranging
" a period : but though it may leave their
" meaning intelligible, yet it renders that
" meaning much less *perspicuous, determined,*
" and *precise*, than it might otherwise have
" been*."—If a *Trio* was necessary, the order should have been inverted.

This mode, with its Variations, is of Italian origin ; it was much the delight of Guicciardini, such fooleries excepted, a grave Historian, and a sensible Writer—The experienced Reader would know the author of the following period, though I

* Blair's Lectures on Rhetoric.

had not named him.—“ Ed è forse tanto
 “ piu pestifera la sua Tirannide, quanto e
 “ piu pericolosa l'ignoranza, perchè non ha
 “ nè *peso*, nè *mifura*, nè *legge*, che la ma-
 “ lignita, che pur fi regge con qualche
 “ *regola*, con qualche *freno*, con qualche
 “ *termine*.”

To rise in sound and subside in sense, is a species of refinement hardly worth the cultivation.

To regret the banishment of Simplicity from our fashionable Writings, is, in fact, to lament a decay of Genius. We may apply to their union, what the Poet has expressed with more taste than erudition—

And, wheresoe'er they went, like Juno's swans,
 Still they went coupled and inseparable.

I can in no way better serve the cause of Simplicity, the object I have had all along in view, than by recommending to my Reader a little piece of Hooker's, entitled — A Remedy against Sorrow and Fear. It is a lovely specimen of affecting and genuine
 C 2 eloquence;

eloquence; an eloquence, which, *Nature herself must needs have taught**.

It is a fault which will be readily pardoned in our Author, that he defeats the purpose of his own Remedy, by exciting the Passions which he professes to cure.

* For beauty of style, in every kind, read his sermon on the certainty and perpetuity of Faith in the Elect—After having read this, you will perhaps doubt with me, whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the precision and Polish of later times.



E S S A Y
O N
P A R T Y - W R I T I N G,

PUBLISHED IN ONE OF THE
WEEKLY PAPERS, in 1763:

An *Æra* distinguished by the Spirit with which this
Species of Writing was conducted: a Spirit not
unhappily cultivated at this present Time,
and which *it is hoped* the following
ESSAY may contribute to
preserve.

Y A S S S E

BARLEY WHEATING

WEEKLY PAPER, IN 1798

An area designated by the State as a "Special Use" area was located in the north-east corner of the tract at the point of intersection of the following:

E S S A Y
O N
P A R T Y - W R I T I N G.

Hæ tibi erunt Artes—

HAPPY are the times, says an ancient Author, in which we may think what we please, and speak what we think—If so, we may justly boast that we live in an age in which political felicity hath been brought to its highest perfection. I know, that some Critics consider the words above quoted as subject to certain restrictions of decency and decorum; but, with submission, the design here, is not, to propose a Rule of Prudence, but, a Test of Liberty; and I think it next

to a demonstration, that the Virtue of this Test must rise in proportion to the force of its exertion : when, therefore, our Party-Writers vindicate wickedness, defame worth, assert falsehoods, or deny truths, we must not look on these things in a moral, but, a political light : we are not to consider these gentlemen as void of all ideas of right and wrong, but as generous Patriots, who sacrifice every appearance of Virtue to the public happiness, and are contented to sit down with disgrace to themselves, that they may procure to their Countrymen the fullest assurance of Freedom.

Having thus far established the Theory of the art under consideration, I shall endeavour to forward and encourage the Practice: to this end, I shall throw together some general Rules, deduced from the nature of Polemic eloquence, and confirmed by the success of the greatest Masters in this Art.

The method I propose to observe, is that of the celebrated Jean Jacques Rousseau: I shall consider myself as the Tutor ; the Publick as my Pupil ; and having previously supposed

supposed in my *Emilius* a reasonable provision of that *Barbarie Angloise*, which the said *Roussseau* hath, with no less justice than politeness, attributed to the whole nation, I shall proceed without further preface to the explanation of my system.

The first Rule, and that on which all the others depend, is this—You must not consider Right and Wrong, Truth and Falshood, as things really and essentially differing in themselves, but embrace or reject them merely as they favour or obstruct your principal object. I am sensible, that you may be a little aukward in this at first; not, from any scruples arising from your own feelings, for I suppose you superior to such; but, from an apprehension of the disgrace which sometimes attends the detection of injustice, with regard to persons; or, of falshood with respect to things: but remember, that the great point in Party-writing is to gain time, and to serve the immediate purpose; if this be obtained, let the consequence shift for itself; and take my word for it, that, should the worst happen, there will be more who will admire you
for

for your address, than censure you for the imposition; for, it is the nature of men to be delighted with tricks and deceit, provided they are not themselves the principal sufferers.

R. 2d. If, accidentally, a truth, in contest, should be on your side of the question, there are two ways of managing it—1st. to insult your Antagonist; to glory and triumph in your superiority. The second is more delicate; for, as it is the nature of truth to evince itself, you may be contented with a fine and ingenuous insinuation of your advantage; this will beget a good opinion of your caution and modesty; and will be of infinite service, when you come to, what will often happen, the necessity of asserting a falsehood.

R. 3d. In this you must be bold, peremptory, and overbearing: if you hesitate in a Lie, you are lost. Recollect, that on the ignorant, and it is with those you have mostly to do, Impudence ever passes for a mark of sincerity; and even with the wiser sort, Confidence is every where met half way,

way, while Modesty is received like a poor Relation.

It is not my way, to give myself credit for things which do not belong to me; I therefore acknowledge that I have borrowed the first hint of the maxim here advanced from Mr. Thomas Hobbs of Malmesbury; which I the better remember from the having been mightily taken with an uncommon beauty in the Passage, namely, that it is itself an example of the thing it would prove—
 “ Impudence in Democratical assemblies
 “ does almost all that is done: ’tis the God-
 “ des of Rhetoric, and carries proof with
 “ it: for what ordinary man will not from
 “ so great boldness of affirmation conclude,
 “ there is great probability in the thing
 “ affirmed?”

R. 4th. Should a truth make strongly against you, you must not directly contradict it; but endeavour to explain away its nature: to this end, you must give much into forced Metaphors, or vague comparisons; every comparison, like circles from the fall of a pebble into water, still widening

ing from its center. But, should the poverty of your imagination confine you to the use of simple terms, take care that they be of a loose and uncertain signification; let your words, like the feathers of a pigeon's neck, be of all colours, and therefore of no one. Arguments thus composed are of so exquisite a kind, that I think it proper to distinguish them by a particular name; we may therefore call them *Cangeantes*, or *Changeables*, after those Italian silks, which vary their shades with the different points of view.

R. 5th. With respect to inconsistencies, or Contradictions, though they cannot be supported by argument, they may be eluded by pleasantry: for instance, should you have advanced that America was conquered in Germany, and be pressed by the absurdity of the proposition, you may dryly put a question—Is not a man who loses the sight of one eye supposed to see better with the other? This is miserable reasoning, I confess; but though it cannot produce conviction, it may raise a laugh; and your only way of escaping out of a foolish dilemma, is by
an

an impertinent jest: Let those who can distinguish between the *risible* and the *ridiculous* call you to an account.

I shall now proceed to give you some directions as to your conduct with respect to Persons: and here I must observe to you, in general, that you must meddle as little as possible with Panegyric.—1st. Because it is a topic unpleasing in itself, as most men are hurt by the consequent reflections on their own littleness. 2dly. As the course of your ideas, from the Rules just proposed, must run in a quite different channel, you can therefore have no dependance on those tender and delicate feelings, which alone can sympathise with, or do justice to Virtue: for this reason, you must turn the full flow of your spirits to Satire and Defamation; and exalt your friends by depressing their enemies. The use that may be made of personal disadvantages is too obvious to be insisted on: a hint or two will suffice.—thus, you may very well insinuate, that a Man cannot have an upright Heart, who has a stoop in his shoulders; or be well inclined to his Country, if he

turn

turn in his toes. This is natural and Simple. But, the master-strokes consist in converting advantages into Disgraces, and in making those things indications of wickedness or weakness which Nature seems to have intended for marks of Distinction—thus, should the Man whom you would discredit, be comely in his person, and graceful in his carriage, you may suggest, that he owes his advancement to these qualities: hence, by an easy gradation, you have a Right to suppose, that, trusting entirely to these merits, he cannot be possessed of any other*: to support this inference, and it certainly wants it, you must search into ancient and modern history for every example which may be a case in point: And as your parallels may not always be strictly just, you must make up by number what they want in quality. Is it not a first principle in Bills of Attainder, that a number of May-bes amount to a Must-be? Trust me, this and more will go down with the

* See the Strictures of the Time on the Character and Administration of Lord Bute.

Public ; for you may extend to the whole, what the Sage of Malmsbury has affirmed of a part, the City of London, *that it has a great Belly, but no Palate.*

If you can in this manner transform good or ill qualities into what shape you please, you have an unlimited power over things in their nature indifferent. Thus, should the obnoxious Person have been born in any one of the extremities of the kingdom, in the North, for instance, you have nothing to do but draw a line, the farther North the better, and then appeal to your countrymen, whether any Man from one side of that Line can properly have influence or authority on the other : the *Partiality* in this proceeding is nothing to the purpose ; since you are sure of being supported by all those who can claim any advantage from their *Meridional*ity.

Thus far, O my Pupil, have I led you by the hand : you can now walk alone ; enter boldly on your progress ; whilst I, your Rousseau, your Tutor, your Friend, trust-
ing

ing to the infallibility of my principles, observe in silent pleasure the firmness of your steps, and triumph in the Utility of my political studies.



H Y M N

“ THERE is among the fragments of the
 “ Greek poets a short Hymn to HEALTH, in
 “ which her power of exalting the happiness
 “ of life, of heightening the gifts of fortune,
 “ and adding enjoyment to possession, is in-
 “ culcated with so much force and beauty,
 “ that no one, at least no one who has ever
 “ languished under the discomforts and infir-
 “ mities of a lingering disease, can read it
 “ without feeling the images dance in his
 “ heart, and adding from his own experience
 “ new vigour to the wish, and, from his own
 “ imagination, *new colours to the picture.*”

Rambler, Vol. II. No. 48.

ἝΥΓΕΙΑ πρεσβία Μακάρων,

Μετὰ σὲ ναίοιμι

Τὸ λειπόμενον βιοτᾶς.

Σὺ δέ μοι πρόφρων σύνοικος εἶης.

Ἐι γάρ τις ἢ πλεῖτε χάρις ἢ τεκέων,

Τᾶς εὐδαίμονός τ' ἀνθρώποις

Βασιλίδος ἀρχᾶς, ἢ πόθων,

Οὓς κρυφίοις Ἀφροδίτης ἄρκυσιν θηρεύομεν,

Ἢ εἰ τις ἄλλα θεόθεν ἀνθρώποις τέρψις,

Ἢ πόνων ἀμπροᾶ πέφανται·

Μετὰ σεῖο μάκαιρα Ἕγυῖα,

Τεθῆλε πάντα, καὶ λάμπει χαρίτων ἔαρ·

Σέθεν δὲ χωρὶς, ἔδεις εὐδαίμων πέλει.

FOR

FOR this Hymn, such as it is, we are indebted to the industry of Athenæus, a Compiler, who had the Gift of remembering all that others forgot. How far this poem may be entitled to the praise bestowed upon it by Johnson, the English Reader will be enabled to judge from the following translation: should it set the images the Doctor speaks of *a-dancing in his heart*, he must be of a livelier complexion than I am.

“HEALTH, *most venerable* of the
 “ Powers of Heaven ! with thee may the re-
 “ maining part of my life be spent ! nor do
 “ thou refuse to cohabit with me. For what-
 “ ever is of *beauty or of pleasure* in Wealth,
 “ in *Descendants*, in sovereign Command, the
 “ highest *summit* of human enjoyment; or in
 “ those objects of Desire which we *endeavour*
 “ to chace into the toils of Love; whatever
 “ Delight, or whatever solace is afforded by
 “ the Celestials for the relief of the fatigues
 “ of Man ; in thy presence, thou Parent of
 “ happiness, *Joys spread out* and flourish; in
 “ thy presence blooms the Spring of Plea-
 “ sure, and without thee no man is blest.”

Rambler, No. 48.

Προεῖσα Μακάρων—*Most blest among the blessed.*—Let it be a pre-eminence of any kind, to the exclusion of *most venerable*—ill suiting a Goddess, who claims with Venus such an Address as this—

——“*Hominum Divûmque Voluptas,*
“*Alma*”——

——“*Delight of Heav’n and Earth,*
“*Loveliest*”——

Had Johnson united to his powerful understanding and extensive erudition, a true Taste, he had been the Aristotle of the moderns. Nature has drawn a broad line between Taste and Judgment; and seems to delight in bestowing these advantages with a capricious hand—*sevo cum joco*—Did not Locke prefer Blackmore to Milton; and was not Florus, the greatest Coxcomb among Writers, the favourite with Montesquieu?

The images, or, rather the circumstances, in the Poem before us are crowded on one another without taste or distinction; some unnecessarily repeated, others obscurely expressed. Why then, it will be asked, have you chosen it for the object of your imitation? I answer, the Outline pleased me, though the Finishing did not: in short, I thought I could improve it.

H Y M N

T O

H E A L T H.

FIRST-born of Heaven! for without thee,
 Bless'd Health, the Gods themselves
 would be

Oppress'd by Immortality.

Come then, thou best of blessings! come,

And make my humble roof thy home;

Propitious come, and shed a ray

Of gladness on my setting Day.

For if there be in wealth a charm,

If joys the Parent's bosom warm,

Whate'er the good, to thee 'tis giv'n

To perfect ev'ry boon of Heav'n.

If Diadems the fancy please,

Thy hand must make them sit with ease:

Lost without thee were Cupid's wiles,

And Venus owes thee half her smiles.

Whate'er we hope, whate'er endure,
 Thou giv'st th' enjoyment, or the cure;
 Where'er thou spread'st thy balmy wing,
 Ills vanish, blooming pleasures spring;
 All wishes meet in thee alone,
 For Happiness and Health are one.



M I R A,
O N H E R
W E D D I N G - D A Y.

ASSUME, my Verse, thy wonted art,
While all in expectation stand,
Canst thou not paint the willing heart
That coyly gives the trembling hand?

Canst thou not summon from the sky
Soft Venus and her milk-white Doves?
Mark—in an easy yoke they fly,
An emblem of unsever'd loves.

Now, Mira, art thou pale with fear;
Look not, thou Sweetness, thus forlorn;
She smiles—and now such tints appear
As steal upon the silver morn.

Quick, Hymen, to the temple lead;
 Cupid, thy victory pursue:
 In blushes rose the conscious Maid;
 Trust me, she'll set in blushes too.

Well may the Lover fondly gaze
 On thy bright cheek, and bloom of youth,
 Impatient of the calmer praise
 Of sweetness, innocence, and truth.

Yet these shall to thy latest hour,
 These only shall, secure thy bliss:
 When the pale lip hath lost its power,
 These shall give nectar to the kiss.



MISS A. to MISS D.

HOW I pity the Vulgar, shut out from the
Ton,

Who can write and converse in no tongue but
their own!

By the *Ton*, I mean those, who, *comme vous et moi,*

Ont un gout decidé pour le Je ne scai quoi;

Cet objet fuyant, cette delicateffe,

Which our barbarous language wants th' art
to exprefs.

Our language, I hate it, admits no suspense,

Sans detour, et sans grace; goes direct to the
Sense;

But the French, *au contraire*, is so happily
wrought,

That we're charm'd with the Phrase, while we
doubt of the Thought:

I have read, and it well may be so, that we meet

In each Language the stamp of the national wit;

So that Gallic, or Gothic, to follow this plan,

Will apply just alike to the Phrase and the Man.

It

It is pleasant enough—did I say? 'tis divine—
To see John in his Airs, when he wishes to
shine :

He advances, he bows—how he points out a leg,
With his head as erect as if fix'd on a peg;
Now the Compliment—O! so embarrass'd, so
queer,

Whilst he doubts how to praise, 't has th' effect
of a sneer.

Not so—*le Galant élevé à Paris,*
De bon air, dégagé, par les Graces conduit—

He approaches, secure in the power to please,
All he says, all he does, says and does with
such ease,

Though perhaps he thinks more of himself
than of you,

His expression's so neat, and the manner so
new,

That your heart, quite content with the joy it
receives,

Est d'accord he should share in the pleasure he
gives.

But, *le bon sens Anglois* is distinctive—what
stuff!

On se joue poliment de l'esprit philosophe :

They

They who grant it to us know 'tis nothing but
phlegm,

And are very well pleas'd we deny it to them.

Of th' extremes, I declare for a French *Etourdi*,

Il est fou, dira-t-on—Il m'amuse—suffit ;

What a spirited Rattle! *il est toujours dans l'air ;*

'Tis the flight of a swallow—up, down, here
and there—

Now he skims o'er the surface, now dips at a
fly,

Now he wings him aloft, and is lost in the sky.

To conclude, for I see we shall never have done,

Should I suffer my Muse at her pleasure to
run—

—*Mais, hélas, ma chère D, I've a thing to dis-
close :*

Though I dote on this language, can speak it,
compose,

Yet I never could get the right twang through
the nose.

In the hope that at last I may bring this to pass,

*Pour l'amour du François, souffre que Je t'em-
brasse.*

POST-

P O S T S C R I P T.

LET me beg you to quit, in your answer to
mine,

Our heroic, of syllables ten to a line.

For the French, as you know, employ twelve—

Do but try,

And you'll find that you'll write them as freely
as I.

What will please you, this Verse comes as easy
as prose,

And the Thought of itself finds a chime in the
close ;

And 'tis much to my taste that the Rhyme
should appear

The result of the Sense, not the choice of the
Ear—

But, however you write, or whatever you do,
Be assur'd, my sweet Friend, *que Je suis toute*
à vous.



O N A

R E D - B R E A S T

WORKED IN EMBROIDERY BY A LADY.

HE lives—he's almost on the wing
To meet his absent Wife*:
Or, is it that he means to sing
The Hand that gave him life?

*On sending the above to an ingenious Friend, the
following was returned:*

'TIS life: he's almost on the wing
To meet his absent Mate——
Or, means he to the Fair to sing,
Who thus could life create?

*In presenting this amendment to my Reader,
I do but imitate the candor that proposed it
to me—*

“Non ita certandi cupidus, quam propter
“ amorem.”

* Uxorem.——PLINY.



1 6 3

THE NEW YORK

WEEKLY TRIBUNE

It is a story of the kind that is told in the olden times, of a man who was called the "Hand that gave him life."

On the first day of the year, as the sun was rising, the people of the city were gathered in the streets, and the children were playing in the parks, and the birds were singing in the trees, and the flowers were blooming in the fields, and the world was full of life and joy.

It is a story of the kind that is told in the olden times, of a man who was called the "Hand that gave him life." To meet his noble Mate, On every day in the land, Who thus could the world.

In the olden times, the world was full of life and joy, and the people were gathered in the streets, and the children were playing in the parks, and the birds were singing in the trees, and the flowers were blooming in the fields.

"The world is full of life and joy," said the old man, "and the people are gathered in the streets, and the children are playing in the parks, and the birds are singing in the trees, and the flowers are blooming in the fields."

THE NEW YORK

WEEKLY TRIBUNE

S T R I C T U R E S
O N
F L O R U S.

I HAVE been called to account for having said that Florus was a coxcomb; and challenged in form to make good my assertion. I have no patience with a writer, whose aim throughout is to draw the attention of his Reader to himself, not to his subject—"Fy de l'eloquence," says the sensible Montaigne, "qui nous laisse envie de foi, non des choses."—It will be objected, that this is the case, more or less, with every Writer who values himself on his style; true, *more* or *less*; but it is the degree

degree and the manner that make the coxcomb.

When an author lays the foundation of his Work in a conceit, he gives early notice of what is to follow.

“ Si quis Populum Romanum quasi
 “ hominem consideret, totamque ejus
 “ ætatem percenseat, ut cœperit, atque
 “ adoleverit, ut quasi ad quendam ju-
 “ ventæ florem pervenerit, ut postea ve-
 “ lut consenuerit, quatuor gradus, pro-
 “ cessusque ejus inveniet. Prima ætas
 “ sub Regibus fuit, prope ducentos quin-
 “ quaginta per annos, quibus circum ip-
 “ sam matrem suam cum finitimis lucta-
 “ tus est. Hæc erit ejus Infantia. Se-
 “ quens a Bruto, Collatinoque Consulibus
 “ in Appium Claudium, Quintum Ful-
 “ vium Consules, ducentos annos patet:
 “ quibus Italiam subegit. Hoc fuit tem-
 “ pus viris armisque incitatissimum: ideo
 “ quis adolescentiam dixerit. Dehinc ad
 “ Cæsarem Augustum ducenti quinqua-
 “ ginta anni, quibus totum orbem paca-
 “ vit.

“ vit. Hic jam ipsa Juventa imperii et
 “ quasi quædam robusta maturitas, a
 “ Cæsare Augusto in sæculum nostrum
 “ haud multo minus anni ducenti : qui-
 “ bus inertia Cæsarum quasi consenuit at-
 “ que decoxit.”

Næ iste magno conatu magnas nugas dixerit.

The religious and military institutions of the Romans were the nerves of their government, and the origin of their greatness : these took place under the second and third of their Kings : the greatest extension of the Empire, to the age of our Historian, was under Trajan ; so that this fantastical Personage was most wise in the cradle, and most vigorous in old age. If the personification be transferred from the state of the Republic to the national character of the People, their true greatness, the distinction between the *Adolescentia* and *Juventa*, their Boyhood and Manhood, will be found equally unhappy. The Virtues of the Romans were as *full grown* in their war with Pyrrhus, as

E

in

in that with Hannibal : our Author admits it—

“ Hoc fuit tempus *Viris* armisque in-
 “ citatiffimum, *ideo* quis *Adolescentiam*
 “ dixerit ?”

Good—Florus was too much of a Gentle-
 man to give into the pedantry of Logic :
 however, was it not carrying matters a little
 too far, to make the premises and the infer-
 ence overfet each other ?

On the burning of ROME by the GAULS.

“ Agere gratias Diis immortalibus,
 “ ipso tantæ cladis nomine libet. Pas-
 “ torum casus ignis ille, et *flamma* pau-
 “ pertatem Romuli *abscondit*.”

A singular Benefaction ! to burn the
 house over my head, that I may be under the
 necessity of building a better—But he has
 not done with it yet—

“ Incendium illud quid egit aliud, nisi
 “ ut destinata hominum ac Deorum do-
 “ micilio

“micilio Civitas, non deleta nec obruta,
 “sed expiata potius, sed lustrata vide-
 “atur.”

Courage, Florus! the fire shall be any thing you please, after having made it a *feu de joye*—Yet, that Poverty should be a crime, to stand in need of expiation, is new in morals: it may be the choice of innocence, or the result of integrity; in either case, the worst that can be said of it is, that it is a shabby sort of virtue.

In a certain battle, Castor and Pollux had been seen fighting on the side of the Romans.

“Itaque et Imperator veneratus est,
 “pactusque victoriam templa promisit:
 “et reddidit quasi commilitonibus Deis
 “stipendium.”

That the General should worship and affront his Gods in a breath, seems rather inconsistent with the simplicity of those times: add to this, that the Brothers were too well versed in military etiquette to accept of pay,

when they were but Volunteers: so far from it, they did not so much as wait to be thanked.

“ Bellum Gallicum—Ea certa fuit vis
 “ calamitatis, ut in experimentum illa-
 “ tam putem divinitus, scire volentibus
 “ immortalibus Diis, an Romana virtus
 “ imperium orbis mereretur.”

Instead of risking an experiment, which, *for aught they knew*, might prove fatal to the Party they favored, the immortal Gods had done better to have considered, that, with a little patience on their part, the Thing they so much desired to know, must in due time discover itself. What a passion this Heathen had for drawing his Gods into scrapes! I much suspect that he played them false: it is well known, that his * Cousin Seneca corresponded with St. Paul.

* Annæus Florus—ex ipsa Senecarum gente—

LIPSIUS.

On

On the perpetual Wars of the ROMANS.

“Deo quodam assidue incitante, ne
“rubiginem arma sentirent.”

Epicurus made his Deities a set of idlers. Florus was not of his sect: he never leaves his Gods a moment to themselves: he has them always at his elbow, and assigns them their several occupations, from the Commander in Chief, to the Drill Serjeant.

“Romana Classis prompta, levis, expedita, et quodam genere castrensis, ad similitudinem pugnae equestris, sic remis, quasi habenis agebatur, et in hos vel in illos mobilia rostra, Speciem ventium præferebant.”

—*classique immittit habenas.*

With what an unhappy diligence has our Author realised an ill-fancied metaphor! In a rapid succession of thoughts, the finest imagination may snatch a false one: but a studied frivolity, a pains-taking Coxcomb is beyond all sufferance.

Of the Battle of TREBIA.

“ Tunc callidissimi hostes frigidum et
 “ nivalem nacti diem, quum se ignibus
 “ prius, oleoque fovissent, *horribile dictu*,
 “ homines a meridie, et sole venientes,
 “ nostra nos hieme vicerunt.”

Livy struck out the apology, but missed the conceit; Florus often comes upon him in this way: in the *horribile dictu* of this passage, we have the origin of the Spavento of the Italians; a figure of speech which our Author has ever at hand, when he wishes to swell a trifle into a wonder. He has many of these devices; flourishes, to pre-engage the attention of his Reader; or tricks of self-applause, like the Saute Marquis of Moliere's Petit Maitre.

“ Istri quum Manlii castra cepissent,
 “ opimæque prædæ incubarent, epulan-
 “ tes ac ludibundos plenosque ac ubi
 “ essent præ poculis nescientes, Appius
 “ Pulcher invadit. Sic cum sanguine et
 “ spiritu

“spiritu male partam victoriam *revolv-*
mere.”

This is not the usual style of our Author: his images, to do them justice, are rather finical than filthy.

A Roman officer, to avoid falling alive into the hands of the enemy, killed himself.

“Ne in potestatem veniret, a gladio
 suo *impetravit.*”

A favour never denied, when the suitor will have it so.

Of the Battle of ACTIUM.

“Nobis quadringentæ amplius naves;
 “ducentæ non minus hostium: sed nu-
 “merum magnitudo pensabat; quippe a
 “senis in novenos remorum ordinibus:
 “ad hoc turribus, atque tabulatis eleva-
 “tæ, castellorum et urbium specie, non
 “sine *gemitu* maris et *labore* ventorum
 “ferebantur.”

It is not in style that the sea should groan,
 in Prose: As to the winds, if the labour was
 too

too much for them, they might have left it to the rowers, who had nothing else to do.

“ Bellum Cæsaris et Pompeii—Non
 “ recte tantum civile dicatur, ac ne so-
 “ ciale quidem, sed nec externum, sed
 “ potius commune quoddam ex omni-
 “ bus, et plusquam bellum.”

How this should be a description of war, I know not; but it will serve as a Model for the description of a Pudden—It is not a raisin, it is not a fuet, it is not a flour—pudden; *sed potius commune quoddam ex omnibus.* I stop short at the circumstance of the *plusquam bellum*, because the nature of my subject is so easily understood, that I should never make it any thing *more* than a pudden.

*On the Progress of the ROMAN Arms
 in SPAIN.*

“ Peragrato Victor Oceani littore,
 “ non prius signa convertit quam caden-
 “ tem in maria solem obrutumque aquis
 “ ignem

“ ignem non sine sacrilegio quodam me-
 “ tu et horrore deprehendit.”

This ignorance had not reached to the age of our Historian: he adopted the absurdity, for the sake of the wonder; it was his passion. But it may be that I wrong him, and accuse him of knowledge to which he was a stranger. His admirers have the alternative before them.

“ Sic citior Hispania recepta est;
 “ nec ulterior moram fecit. Quid enim
 “ una post quinque legiones?”

Not much—the odds were too great, of five to one—A pleasant way this, of writing history.

“ Nam quum diu æquo Marte conten-
 “ derent, jussuque Pompeii fusus a cor-
 “ nu erupisset equitatus, repente hinc sig-
 “ no dato, Germanorum cohortes tantum
 “ in effusos equites fecere impetum, ut
 “ illi esse pedites, hi venire in equis vide-
 “ rentur.”

*That the cavalry seemed to be infantry, and
 the infantry to be cavalry—A notable de-
 scription*

scription of a battle, and, to mend the matter, of the battle of Pharsalia. In this instance, as throughout his work, the brevity of this writer consists in the omission of parts necessary to the understanding of the whole.

Of the ROMAN Invasion of ASIA.

“Ad hoc cœlestes minæ territabant,
 “quum humore continuo Cumanus
 “Apollo fudaret. *Sed hic faventis Asiæ*
 “suæ numinis timor erat.”

Florus is rather pert with the God of Wit. I do not wonder, that they were not on terms.

“Et Mithridates quidem illa nocte de-
 “bellatus est; nihil enim postea valuit,
 “quanquam omnia expertus, more an-
 “guum, qui, obtrito capite, postremum
 “cauda minantur.”

Alas, Mithridates! those noble efforts of an expiring greatness, a catastrophe that rivals the death of Cato, deserved not to be disgraced by such a comparison. Yet, it was

was not Malice; it is his way: his similes do not illustrate, they annihilate his subject: he surprises, not by exalting, but playing tricks with our conceptions.

Here I close my charge, depending not so much on the number as quality of the proofs. There is a something in the nature of affectation, which lays open the character at the first view, and makes a single impression equivalent to a series. The multiplication of proofs is but throwing the Coxcomb into different attitudes: we have had enough of these. Yet, a word or two more, by way of farewell.

As the place of our Author's birth, notwithstanding its importance, has not yet been ascertained, it is open to conjecture: it is supposed by some that he was a Spaniard — Why pass the Pyrennees? If to be *serious on trifles*, and *trifling on what is serious*, be the characteristic of any one, I should not scruple to assign that *Country* to Florus. The admired Brevity of this writer is in him, as in others who most affect this distinction, a
Manner:

Manner: it is not an adequate conciseness
 prescribed by the subject; it is a forced ab-
 breviation imposed on the subject. As to
 his little jewels of sentences, *sententiarum*
gemmulae, as Lipsius fondly calls them, they
 are absolute *Clinquant*: nay, what is the en-
 tire work, but a leaf of tinsel on the tissue of
 Livy? Blow it away; it serves but to hide
 what cannot be adorned.

F I N I S.

5 AP 58